

## Short Sorties

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inwardly never beams locale, never natty dread toulouse for a hormone. puff jubilation intramural tobacco, attic or thetic pathos clipper, erotic bar codes refute the earnings, irenic or mirrored in our chimes. tonality, cyme, locus solus foregrounded potato, only a trace of recombinant whiff, dust julienne component and proportionate, proponent of the leaden nucleus, poetical alembic speculum, peristalsis and parataxis. the elementals are not merely alimentary, the blind poetics of truth, a corrosion both lull and formant, alchemical aroma of the chromosomes, nouns optional and deaf. i think we've abjured the vulgar tomato, the venal bridegroom redolent with curves. youth is enacted as light and at your service, but the claims of the page are a form of the literal, a letteral jihad, reading unearthed in a defamiliarized zone. the origins of language poetry lie in the grey literature of vietnam. at the other end of the spectrum, acid may be taken as a disjunctive. there was a brief window during which college existed as a delivery system for the incongruous, the incomprehensible, discontent and unrest. all that remains is the discontent, a dysfunctional function of familial contents. the contents of this box are toxic. keep away from children. don't try this at home. these are blasting caps; don't touch them. just say no. just do it. a cathected light, paginated by disclaimer and disarmament, liberates us from delimited reading, opening even familiar things to an ideology of lies. never smoke more than you can bite-off. never try to chew your way out of a hole. the whole thing gets a little ideological, the chewy ideas in things. doubt is the gist of gestalt. just for a moment, like a monet on a dorm room wall; just for a minute, like a manet hanging in a frat house. emergency is the pitfall of the radio, one among many, the pratfalls of radiance. we suffered all night in the eye of the noun, towards the piracy of our decrease. lies are often neutralized by song. dancing in the moonlight, dancing in the streets, come eat with us at the hotel napalm, the hotel synergy. as the gnostic wrens flew through the floor, retracing the admiration of our steps, loneliness was a morsel of greed. each code is an answer. proactive weakness is a hinge

(Wittgenstein:

We know, with the same certainty with which we believe any mathematical proposition, how the letters A and B are pronounced, what the colour of human blood is called, that other human beings have blood

and call it 'blood'.

That is to say, the questions that we raise and our doubts depend on the fact that some propositions are exempt from doubt, are as it were like hinges on which those turn.

That is to say, it belongs to the logic of our scientific investigations that certain things are in deed not doubted.

But isn't it that the situation is like this: We just can't investigate everything, and for that reason we are forced to rest content with the assumption. If I want the door to turn, the hinges must stay put.

Ludwig, Ludwig. My dear Ludwig. What are you thinking?

My life consists in my being content to accept many things.) knowledge is always playful. the ground stands before us as a seismic sonance, an erotism of interruption. i say we praise its appetites. mountains to the right of us, the warfare of steeples to our left, the actual ensconced in a superstition of questions. question authority. question reality. the unexamined life is not worth living. question the author, question the reader. the unexamined self is not worth constructing. the erotic is distorted by the eros of distortions. never get out of these blues alive. as long as we're retracing our steps, we shouldn't aggrandize the detriment of our radial isosceles, the quadrature of the circle is sown into my sweater. i wear it like a piece of malleable and porous armor. it doesn't protect me from anything, but it tells me the warmth and lies of a comfort. a comfort zone is never a demilitarized zone. that's because your body is a commodity in this equation. drifted for an age, a pulsar, divested by the rectilinear, but we still sleep under the wheels of the ambulance, a razor entwined with fats, amino acids. protein is carcinogenic; wings are invented outside of the body. adrenaline, albatross slough, sheep summation and consommé, the apples flutter in a tonic benign, cadence and cacophony. the final marriage of the mysterium, turrets, unaccountable vocalizations, the ammunition of production and consumption: barfly, glide of the eyelids, glissade of her song. you've seen her standing in front of her mirror, a glass of vintage manet in her hand. pouring the baffle of sleep into the hinges of as if. homo ludens bundled in his debit of abandon and perchance. conjunctionis, he said, the earthquakes are not my fault. he thinks he's the epicenter of thoughtless attention. he's gotten the form of silence exactly wrong. not enough toner

yet to separate the ink from the hand (but we will get there: a pixel is a picture of the unwritten hand). the eye is an abundance of wounds brokered across the sparse. i wouldn't bother doing anything, if i were you, said carpocrates to his left hand, a philosophy of one hand not knowing what the other is doing. it's the only way to go. that the duck is a rabbit is a lesson concerning scale. amanita muscaria, seen through the hidden telos, is a cyclical simulation, or the outskirts of an answer, simplifying the shaman to a cylinder of love. i've been ambushed by the donut, led to belief by the lack of the torus. the shapes a silent semblance can perform. allusions are less loquacious than the glance of a misread word. at the still point of the thing, i have an idea of opening and cancer. you can think yourself into this ending.

diction is a failure of

fields, machine-gun pagination  
rude (of me) to noise  
the poisoned legs

competent utterance charged  
impotence in the style of steeples  
singing addictive wings

diction is a failure of fields.

markers surly and just  
recessive and satisfied  
at the pace of facts, inflation

a craft of justice, scars  
arched along derail  
within abject tombs to be

read as writings sway  
i serve the text as you breathe it.  
encouraging asperity hovers

ammunition (dreams lingering)  
enema, adroitly presentiment,  
braised ears, the dove and boulder

i submit my transom to the  
sensitive howitzers. omnipotent  
compost locomotion, desirous,

sleepless, curtains attuned to  
amorous (whereby) quiescence  
of multiplicity. bold, surly

cavity, thin bowers (sleep thinner  
than anxiety) entreat voluminous  
self, nominal (starred reading)

diction is a failure of fields.

i'm certain that the locks are black with flour. after the wardens, after  
breakfast (we slept in the pus of mail, a hail), they made us kneel in  
kinetic sediment. i was all ears, but only partly i, silky with doubt, a sweat  
of lisps. don't talk to me about verbal swirls; each ampersand blends the  
self into its velvet scars. our bodies are duty mixed with bounty. that's why  
the story is a story of pain; that's why it is a story. while you're in here,  
you may as well deal with the verbal apples. i came out stalking the night,  
always upwards, but i missed the moon with threaded needs. i woke up in  
the untuned weakness, laughter enticed by nocturnes. i've been a little bit  
off. ever since. i could spear as well as i could pair, but the haze of the  
body was swollen, the song was a folded dope. she came slightly after  
that: she and sheep and sleep. i slipped into a wherewithal. as a  
confection, as the eaten electorate, as the hex of the razor, as if you were  
tarred-and-harried by a fallen wind. each leaf is a woman. i might as well  
admit the comedy of the cones.

one part of the rhyme is its orgy. soma to semantic, thought to gift,  
burdened with theremin barnacles, there should be slightly less than a  
tendency to exist. she was always there when i breathed the barracks of  
my volition. i had to wash myself in unraveled orbits. happenings, the play  
of despondency, the cynosure of wrists and creosote. this horror is an  
abortion of dolor and malfeasance, but don't tell the florescent soma. the  
arguments of magic are founded on vocables and nervous dance. the form  
of heaven has always been anthropomorphic, but the portent of naked  
dance is the abattoir of the poem. an orgiastic style socializes, beatific and  
breathless, the evening pulchritude of kindness and return. i've been  
drinking warm wine in a beatnik coffin. i've been mincing my fictional cells.

the myth of the astronaut stands as a viaduct against me. endowed with rotary series, my connectivity treads the last of the usurious gamuts. adopt a vulture. we are at the end of salesmen. even in salem, the encyclopedic vacuum-cleaners impeach us with their roaches. melchizedek, as an assertion, proposes a recombinant difference within the nouns of gnosis.

faintly ducks

turquoise strip-tease  
star-spangled  
clouds rush

a myth of reading  
within the standard  
fakes. why crease

leaden splatters  
into opinionated  
by-lines? the rabbit

stands in the weeds.  
finality. diaphanous  
toner swelters a greed

of doubtful humidity.  
it's winter in the book.  
longing, nudity,

a foam of  
justice and  
radiance.

it bleeds like a tubulin astrolabe, reading labial tumors, but the ache of fact is a prospectus, erotic invective, the light of full derision, paginated. how do you like your knowledge barbecued? so what if i dictate the laminations? deliver me from the road, the rounded erotic pus, the weakness of our readings, the neurobiology of its aurochs, the biochemistry of its malice. sonance is a witch. the family of I AM is a nation of infamy.

vermouth, banana, wolof musa, wormwood, prescriptive absolution,

betting weaned and bedding reclaimed anonymous through myself, in the beginning was a proposal to inventory the occupied crossroads. howlin wolf, topographical injuries, art tatum, carolingian and inbred, but trout mask replica, condominiums, mariachi bands, the routine history of a drama. a part of each circadian ontology is its list of pictographs. neapolitan, if spinal rifts and renaissance, nevertheless something adjudicated by thelema, spirit and letter of the law, do what thou wilt. do what you lack. preying mantis, properly withstanding, enclosed innings in the dome, times getting tougher than tough. mythology rounded-off to its nearest surreal. pre-cambrian hereford salience, langue, usage determines correctness, the count of atlatl, neither canadian nor kansas. pleistocene and rotten, wormeaten to curve and splinters, the collated anagrams attend erection and withstands. an eruption of bone-marrow interpolation distends the self to wander at a silence, evaginated grammar and yard-long valence, but the connections collapse, cucumbers, conspiracies. abortifacient syllables program the colander towards embolic abstractions. the fictional artery tackle-box, sour anthems of cognitive expression, digital and tidal without verbal meaning. try being verbally without meaning. see what you can do. the magical papyri primarily offer lists of instructions: They are ritual texts. They direct the user to engage in activities that are marked off from normal activity by framing behavior through rules, repetitions, and other formalities. Ritual instructions pervade these texts. Stand over here, hold a pebble, tie seven threads in seven knots, say the names seven times, draw the figure in the bottom of the cup, write the spell with the finger of a mummy, write it with bat's blood, with menstrual blood, on papyrus, on clay, on lead, on tin, on a rib bone, on a parchment shaped like a sword, fold it, burn it, tie it to your arm, your thumb, drive a nail in it, bury it with a mummy, bury it under someone's doorstep, mix this recipe, drink it. (cf. Marvin Meyer and Richard Smith, ANCIENT CHRISTIAN MAGIC: Coptic Texts of Ritual Power). trust the mantra to behead the things of the mantra. connect the foreskin to its fictional spine. dawn is an open invitation to supplication; connect the wavelength to the tendon. the finite is a travesty, forensic navy wand; connect the termites to the playhouse. disconnect the uneven beams, simmer in notebook doubt. this is the finagle variable of the i. i've been in love ever since the handbook.

part of the partial is hardly enough, but heave and foamy home, otic coffins (the poetical neck whispers, dimly, dimly), this is the limelight of the future. the poem is a scrawl of knotted mulch; this much is known as a partisan suite of rubies. but the mantic bleeds a trough of evil mediations.

i shouldn't have to arm you with the charred fat of their karma. all that  
scatters is a wind.

lament of forms

she barter  
as he  
exceptions

hoarding spins  
mingle  
terrors

within futility.  
elide glissades,  
but don't

mean anything  
between  
the eyes.

this has been  
called a  
sieve and a

verity. this  
is the place.  
whatever

derails the  
ray loves  
the yelp

of a wallowed  
invoice. her  
ampersands

are an index  
of rote  
erotic errors.

teleology is ingratiating, but to intervene within the random myth, as famous as tonsure and stiletto, that would be to go against every shoe we've ever worn, that would be a sea without a shore. you have to believe in the forest, as a tree believes in everything but the forest. she falls into this moment against my self, selves tormented by thieves and misterioso, an irrigation of interruptions, the mist of a smile, the myth of a simile. you don't get much more romantic than that. or at least i don't, at this late stage of the game. having fun at our own expense, on our own expense account, what kind of business trip or power lunch do we think we're living in. stupid as it is, i'm still as restless as i am hungry. sunrise is redundant, but we sing it anyway. i've lived in the wind moon birdsong soulfire garbagepail of expression, pallid and impartial, some of me still lingers in some of that, but expression is blanched by an aegean overlay, bleached by hegira and beneficent ambage. the undertow of the mediterranean is an esoteric engram. listen to monk as he truncates a helpless ballad. listen to the wolof in sonny boy williamson. robert nighthawk wrote bloodpoems with a knife against the open strings. expressivity is the emanation of closures. when you come back to closure, when you come back to intention and expressivity, when i come back to the pronoun, i am return, remade, reinvented, you are the prescience and the appendix, we reason in a mourning of beneficent transgressions. i'd like to interrupt myself at this point. easier said than done. i'm just about done with the said. i'd like to say i'm over it, but that's a hard thing to say in the heat of the battle, when you're in the thick of it. the riff is joined to the net. the neckbone is connected to the pineal gland. the syntax is connected to the dominant culture. see, all of this adds up. this is why rod stewart can give us a reason to believe, while an improvisational epistemology of diurnal interpretation cannot. take your epistme to the bank, see what kind of credit you've got in the straight world. seams and rifts as equity: mortgage your erasure and live in what it earns you. what if your mutual fund includes investments in a simulated human love? how does one manage such a plunderous portfolio?

the form of the refrigerator is an error of chaos. lead is a kind of fallible syntax, alchemical abortion both otic and portent, either an orchid or importune. the armaments of the things are moons on water. no ideas but in words. i want a moon like a lemon, like a hymen of loons, right here on the page. it's the postage age of spice and cereal. pretty soon, you'll wind up in the dull infrastructure of symbiotic wills. then what the fuck are you gonna do? you might as well be a text, a formal citrus, a happenstance perchance. aggression is a program of resentment. the monochrome



dramas are abysmal.

trial by ear, trial by venom, trial by thunder and theory. how hard is it to figure this out? the failure of time is succulent, brittle. until the form of the fall is tender, legal and on fire, the grail will be a shoulder that silences the justice of our angles. never drive faster than your angels can fly. throw the shoulder into the fire; this is the law. nadab and abihu, and every pious fool ever since (that includes us, my brother, the reader, my sister, the queen of deconstruction and hermeneutics). imagine, to gargle with utterance. save the last dance for me. my mother was an invertebrate pirate, my captions have been unlaced. wherever there are several sentences, there will be certain readers. you know what i'm talking about. theory is enacted as a guess of belief, but there's no point in preaching to the converted. no point in reaching-out to the critically constructed. your television has sandwiched me between reproach and legs. what kind of theoretical silence is this? a slice of life, geography as architecture. film is a theory of quarks. run that past your feminist hejira.

as for thirst, i've had more freedom than i dare to think. freedom is a kind of hinge, hijinks or suture, a rupture in the rapture of cutlery, the repetitions of love, flatware smoldering in a smothered fire. i've been shuttered and leapt by reconciliation. the word is a spy, a sandtrap in a vitamin. receding misprision, the tribulations of reluctant seduction, i've been gnarled and crapulous, crippled at beth-saida. i've been plunged (abimé) into the amorous sadness of the night. tristesse, and the beatnik café of its approximate name. don't go to north beach unless you're prepared to take a stand in silence. i used to live there, above the neon nipples of carol doda, but that was in an earlier, a messier, life. and it was later than 78. the mellotron is a surreal invitation to sex. have you ever thought about the sexual exhortations, as theoretical as they are mythic, of a tarnished, a porous, semantics? in the evening, when the sun goes down. even the spoonfed calibers of song lacerate my terror with love and theory.

the piebald of the pie is formed like the cesspool of the pieces. get outta my life (standing in front of the mirror for 40 years, repeating this mantra). this is the double ampersand, that cancels all connection. the portent of clarity is lean and cerulean. hickory above fiefdom, coffin above terminal. the ally is a fax of laughter, as if the moon. i'm not the only man who's been buttered by his hats. if the finite is a chain-gang, then the Tang Dynasty is a teflon warning: do not deny the syllogism; it shapes the

shoes that construct your stance. ingrates waylaid by the prayers of change. layers of clangor and theory. i'm surprised by the blank of sundown. eventually, the rich will mount an oven all their own.

the journey spins in a mirror of unmilled forms. to liberate the day, either with solvents or with disgust, fall down in the plight of a ragged proverb, wallow in the righteous verbiage for 20 years. you will have loosened the chemise of your soul. as numb as the library is, aggrandized by its rudimentary crown, we are bred to an overt language of poetry, the calcium of the homunculus. by caliper or carbon to cumulus, but not homogenized. if i stand beneath the balcony of the witch, my modem a positron residual mouth, if i scent the square-root of a singular article, do i therefore unravel in the travail of my unrest?

morphic liaison

pendant lumber the force of  
the vocable is hushed the  
grape rides off in a caravan  
ranting napes once upon a  
breath i told you i was  
telling a story the heart was  
a sheepish invention of meat  
i am artfully blowing the gong  
but no moat sieve lichen beams  
what if she falls asleep what  
if we waded into the borders  
of the knots — where are the  
notes towards my metonymy  
i've shifted from fallen to  
doubt — a myth of clean

the fins of the coffins are my orthography. minions of demented lightning, convertibles and the doors, a mandrake wind disburdened by blanched beribboned. illuminate the scepters with credulous spatulas. follow the rules. boil it in a pot, drink the tea, eat the sacred body. lie down in silent darkness. unplug the telephone. listen closely. nine vehement libertarians, recently arrived from india, have taken up a jaundiced display in my diaspora. this is what we mean when we say narrative. the yellow cat drowned in a trickle of ice, chiasmus library, satanic erasure. the story ties you to a film of the territory. everything is nothing less than this. noon in

the chasm, waking too soon to formulate a theory.

the beast is only a part of openness. sometimes, when i lay down at night, and dawn crowds my singing history, i preen to a hadal, a mythic, wrench, i grow homily and charisma. i never meant to distend a siamese will, but along the fictional openings of a horizontal prayer, i came to the serrated hairshirt. late in adolescence, i read the confessional poets, plath and berryman, lowell and sexton, even dugan and jarrell at his worst. i went out one night, in greensboro, and danced on jarrell's grave, drunk, benighted by an ideal hope, even after beckett and highschool, after kafka and schopenhauer. he never should have walked out into the traffic. i never should have walked out into the graveyard. but he's got me beat at the high-end of regret; only the living can mourn their foolish actions. that sounds right. but i sincerely doubt it. at the cusp of sound, the tiger affixes his ambience to a name. so much for the ten thousand things and their soporific songs. i've been living the ungulate life, grazing the postmodern calculations, but the theory of probability is as thoughtless as the tenets of sleep. i sleep in a forebrain tent, sheep grazing on the flies around me. ah, she was a gift. she lied about her plunders and her plots. separation is a grave, the open text.

there's not much you can do about the weakness of the ear. burn your canopic youth, cancel the learned androgynes, soften the foregrounded hatricks. before you dream the thorough slough of your knowledge, you should swallow the printed wind, sprint in place for the grace of pus, ooze an asterisk quotidian. once the will fattens itself on costume, the texture of text finagles the context of youth so that you cannot emit the fluxion of your complicity. i'm gonna run to the city of refuge, hallelu. breath is a simple city. i've been wearing it, for what it's worth. you can only be as healthy as the sins of your knowledge. a fact is an act, somewhat diminished. the members of your youth are the names of your exit. longing belongs to the nouns.

chime winter chime gone chime tincture  
even the weeds are in the way

murderer, merchandise, rise up

stuck in the garrulous cynosure  
deflated plicate immersed

thirst is a vocable  
i am the hush of sounds

so what if the wind is an unhinged  
thirst so what if the ring is a cross

i'm the hushed sound of the self  
as it doodles a freedom of quarks

chime winter chime freedom chime loadstone  
even the fictions are an act of sense

expression is a verb  
unlike impression

are you certain of (that) the nouns  
simplify the verbs?

even the page is rotten

paleontology opens to a weave of poems, a sieve, but only as an uncontested reading. the trajectory of a poet through dough and litmus, through the genre of dreams, through the genre of eons and rhyme, impartial the the alert ventricle, the damp yantra of the eye, dutifully unborn in harm, ill or phat, lent to a guess of thorax, the form of art. distortion is a naked offering. history, pandemic, nutrient and suture, along the axis of selection, along the axis of combination, performs the multiplicity of a partaken etymon. taking tiger mountain by storm, by strategy. references to rap would suggest that this text was not written in 78. most of the rest might suggest otherwise. twenty years ago is always a place to start. memory has failed us again in the multiplication of its partitions. the arrow of time is not worth the trouble. even if time is a malleable lumber, it is only matter as this aggregate.

noah had nothing to say about the matter. receptivity, obedience: do what you're told to do, call it doing what's in front of you. entrained to theta, rain and thunder, the answering breeds a fictional reading. the performative dilates to a gift of lightning. how do you sing thought damaged by linguistics? signs of the times bequeath singe and thyme. scorched signs, a holocaust of communication, how does one write poetry after the foregrounded euthanasia, after the foregrounded ethnobotany?

ah, the new age is as dead as a fucking mummy, stillborn after auschwitz,  
but no encyclopedia of egyptian ministry will absolve us of our yearnings.  
we can't think our way out of this; we can't even act our way out of this.  
condemned to mistrial and chemical sonar, which knowledge do we  
choose as the laceration of our yearning?

bathed in the gargoyle, ambient analysis and psychotic facts, we fruit our  
lightning anger, rows of tubulin harrowed to faithful quiz. microtubules,  
knowledge as a youthful accident of consciousness, quantum error  
covering every page. orchestrated object reduction is not an ode to eros,  
but neither is the eastern ephemera, no kundalini uncoils in the chasm of  
new age chatter. gingerly abode of sound, repetition and redound, doubt  
surely unnerves the optical archipelago as neurotic remembrance and  
redoubt. grace spurned, the howls of endowment burned to a lisp of fame,  
what instruction insubordinates this incarnation?

[helium, phylum

once in a while, the structure leads us away  
fall is a chart, striped and mercantile

fortunately for us, the gazette is a pictorial mercy  
i have volunteered to hurry the ground, verbally

i hurry the doodle, hurry the ground, hurry  
myself free of parking lots and karma

each spring, the fist is hinged with a ceaseless wind  
we load our selves into winter and terrify

the wind, sense is fictive and prescient  
each expression signs the vision of a verb

i'm as impressed as i am prescient  
the nouns contain a simplified wind

something is rotten in our age]

nude minimalism

the field is imaginal, liminal. if the nudity of the pistol utters in competitive

range a portent of eidetic purple, if the wings of diction fail to wife our making, taking our time to failure, to supple and to useless, if excess is more expensive than peaches and lactation, if and if or if. what if likeness is a retailed afterthought? we scorch a raillery of laws through bars. within each subject is a philanderer, sitting astride my leavened youth. i have yet to realize the ictus of sex, the scourge of a groggy romanticism, but i have cleaned the dreams from a mingling coma, the visual cues are a kind of comedic punctuation. loitering in exploitation, present to the fathom, as crazy as the bladder and the dove, i would like to sit on a transit bus, both sensitive and confined, the president of busts and winsome compost. therefore we sleep in toboggan hurt, a hut of thinly desires. rupture is more monogamous than our by-gones, switched. the fury of the cold is a banality, but we were thin in those sleepy days, thinner than tribal actin, thinner than the self itself. i'd like to be as free as blinking shrinks. we could be a festival of minced stars.

hate's not even a slant-rhyme for health, much less a family value. i get most of my epistemology from bumperstickers; i get the rest from commercials on the radio: life as what is most likely to be sellable during a sensational talkshow, the truth being what you buy when the football game is over. the babble of the moon is the math of our score. more to the point, she used to unzip the sounds of my cellular phone, necklace my sincere arrogance to a weft of salesmanship. i always hated that. we could fly away on a ballad of striptease excess, i would tell her truths similar to this, we could ampersand and swill. to no avail. neither yoko ono nor the vale of anvils could recess this pogrom to a partly isthmus. it's christmas in the bahamas, i said, it's mathematically yours, we could read this golem as the prohibition of hasidic hermeneutics. the yellow awning swings, incongruously hat. the wanton youth of the donut swallows our albumin nightmare. we linger in the numbers, a perseverance of clarity. sex, she said, monsoons, chinese food delivered. i wish which prescience transformative and is. it's been this way forever. dialogue will never get you out of your clothes. engaging in multiple levels of discourse is like wearing three pairs of socks. uncomfortable, even on a cold day. raccoons, she said, disparity, the science of humus and transistor radios. i've had about as much as i can take, i muttered, like a tropical oscillation of meaningful snipers. nobody knows the trouble i've seen. why do you treat me like the acme of metropolitan micturition?

as surely as the clock is a rose, a rosebud. getting back to the tour of the hand, i should warn you about the cast-iron steeplechase: reading is a

leprous upkeep. keep it up. they mailed me to a slackened kinship, deep within the etymon of Sacramento, but i was careless, i parted ways with the whole of the i. i linked my abutment to a sweat of doubt (liposuction stalks the verbs as a grill: the verbs are in fact a grid: which is to say, an imbricate aggregate of nouns). i've mended my selves, vellum and allure, stark bounty of foreboding beauties, the play of array and layers. what is somnambulism but an ideal werewolf? sleep with me. your nipples are eternal verbs. i have every right to wake up, or so it seems. we both miss the moon, as if it were a sidereal need. i've walked vicariously across its stony golf course. rock me in the moonlight. a few weeks after this kenosis, i found myself in a notary write-off, notorious and white. all of my fears were as crazed as i could breathe. what holds us? rope? longitude? the buttressed and thatched Shekinah? she was an innate fiction, as far as i could tell. and i'm telling you as far as i can throw everything i know. sex is a haze of ampersands. what else can i tell you? the wedding was fallacious, a grief of fellatio and mantra. the whole dance is born in a sonic night.

faintly rococo and chipper angels linger in the mold. my blush is a dance of withered reading, but the grids of an entoptic talcum, the ease of the letters, open into soar and headache, flooding the diocese with banality and fins. reading plays at the altar of a horizontal theory. allied with fin-de-siècle, at the end of tone and cauliflower, our well-being aggrandizes a transhumant inanity, the wind and the spin and the spin of the wind. i've been longing for the nude formality of a book. i've been staying up all night, talking about the shape of its absence. i can feel it, like a wind spinning in my gut: i'm getting close to the core of its lack. can i tell you a story of what isn't here? the tall-tale of a short and failure? only the just are honed to their empty radius.

abracadabra. forget about how crowley spelled it. think of it as the name of a woman in a successful business venture by the steve miller band. i wanna reach out and grab ya. from the grape to the vine, slowly backwards into geological time, chance is a permit, a permission slip from the principle, high school and accrued interest, as if you're operating with an exemption card. bump, bump, bump, down the funny stairs. i read today that some forgettable senator called the impeachment hearings a kind of theater of the absurd. i imagine samuel beckett would be silent on the subject. ionesco, on the other hand, might give us a play, say something resembling some of the world is a stage (and, maybe: the rest of the world is a play). play it again, sam (Every word is an unnecessary

stain on silence and nothingness.). in other news, in another hemisphere, your dreadlocks retread the future of our dread, reread the futility of our western readings. facile and to the point, my reading of my self. to escape from prison, well, to cover yourself in cardboard, well, to climb over the razors, well, to hide under a bridge, well, to dive into the river, well, to drown in the river, well well, to float down the river, well, to wash up on a shore, well, to be found by a couple of guards, well well, to be found by a couple of archons, well, to be found by a couple of sparks who were fishing on their day off, well well, bloated, as dead as death, then i began to dream. well well. letters are a kind of bloated notation. i don't knead them, he said, just a smattering of matter, in small amounts. in small denominations. dominion of the demons, the dealers, cards stacked like the tribulations of dance, nothing up my sleeve. no, it's not a game, it's cards on the tabletop. overzealous box-office renditions mollify the trajectories of truth. i'm one step ahead of the liberated triumph. carpocrates said the dance is joined to the range, the rage of the turbulent hinge. freedom is a tubular ginger. i feel it in the one-drop.

i came home one night and she was nailing the windows shut. man, i said, woman, what the fuck do you think you're doing? she took off her plastic waitress suit, and fucked me on the kitchen table. every suit is a troubadour blended to the sweeps of silence. somewhere around this gleaned animal of form, i delineated an archon railroad for her wheat. hellfire and the theory of light, singing a skyscraper syntax, how tactical is the music of your beheaded constellation? the sky is crying. when things go wrong, it hurts me too. syntax deploys the eleven types of ambiguity. roll the dice. cheese and mental parchment, the advertising budget of the supernal, have you ever suspected that thought is the order of disorder, cerebral moonbeam paternity, the fictional hinge that connects for us the concepts of baloney and sandwich? i came home one afternoon, i'd been doing acid for about two days, and she asked me why i had forsaken her. what could i say? i've been doing acid for two days. what could she say? she'd been in the bathroom with a razor at her wrist. i can't tell you what she learned from all of this. the solution to an entelechy is a disregard for the grunions. i remember one night, disowned by the optimism of deliverance, barely a poetry of penury and loneliness, quarantined in the truth of a cereal silence, the sequential ability to have said invents the factions of the sign. i remember this clearly. the face is a predetermined wherein foregrounded however corrodes to gravel and redoubt. get it right. boil it in a pot. drink it with a mummy in ancient egypt. pour it on the corpse of your recollections. abandon all hope, ye who enter here.



Noah.

reeds breathe an argyle  
answer. facts are a  
partial psychoanalysis,

poetic danger, full  
of lightning, but borrowed  
from youthful queues.

how do you know  
the damage is  
linguistic? abode of eros,

singing the dingy  
foreground, full of radar  
and entoptics, the nerves

of Michelangelo, the  
chemistry of Nuremberg,  
the sonance of burned

witches — how do  
you know the family  
is a laser instantiation?

i'm only a part of the form. heaved and ventral, ears and thirst, i'm as free  
as the coffins of my ontology. so what if the portal is naked and  
theoretical? the failure of the future is a diminished lightning. i've fallen  
into the poem, but there's so little slime, and such a cute partition of  
troubadours, of manacles. there shouldn't be this much evil in the farm of  
gall. a smattering of flattened winds, blended and distend.

she's always been a kind of heated coffer. i should have just shut-up, kept  
my receipts in a septal accretion, but i had to unwind, i had to mingle with  
the muttered flytraps. between the lies and Nineveh, i was bereaved of my  
cells, my asthmatic verity. plicate, unlaced, and mistrial, i randied a  
splayed display. don't hold this against me. my vices are several and  
receding. i've been known to yell at the cat, to hollow the cow, to  
rotisserie a connected theory, but i'm really a mellow invoice. it tickles me

to erasure.

the Christians won't last. what leads us to believe in syntax, in semantics, in the liability of Satan, in Maldoror, horticulture, abortions, sales and cable tv? the shorter the myth, the flimsier the territory. some aphorisms are beyond reproach. broached eggs of the impish portent, everything is a thing, the armaments of mentation, renditions of ornithology in alchemical song, spoons, spoonerisms, a spoonfed and nervous gnosis, how different from the quark is the lateral terror of the spork? the formal theories of the Christians present a happenstance aggression. i resent the previous sediments of the present. the melody of our drama is a sentimental perusal.

more or less harmed by the fallacious charms of fact, i climbed in through her bible to a tropical vedanta. she was reading cosmopolitan and watching johnny carson. the veracity of this has been is simultaneous and concentric. your hollow eyes, she said, the erotic sclerosis of your eschaton, i shiver before your algebraic explanations. i love you like the feverish glean of a 9-grain bread, i sighed, i'm a child of the seventies. organic syntax is not a material detriment of the sentimental, she whispered, woodcuts and dragons in her snarl, your driftwood dragnet serotonin is a narrative liposuction to my thelema. pirates employing the farce of a glaciated language. newt gingrich, membership in mensa, multifeminist bridal gowns, yard-dogs twitching from the disease of proverbial assonance. i'll see your narrative, i said, and raise it trilateral mummy donut, sinking slowly into the meatus of the overtly ovary. fuck you, she said, taking off the pliant and plausible posited rust of her sandpaper gloves. i watched as she shaped the grapevine to a literacy of lust. take off your seismic bootstraps and your wiccan saxophones. slough off your mortal coils. i want to sleep with you on the outskirts of a potable heresy.

part of the piecemeal is a start. ports of clarity, a history of flattered suppositions, supper with the viceroy of yesterday, nothing terminates in the etiology of fact after the fact. the moon is a bony knot. not that we've infiltrated its rain, but the twang of a Fender aardvark, so to speak, by gratitude to haystack, alchemy lounging in the sinuous prayers, serpentine and uprising, thanks to the sum of our knees, feeds us the langue of an arguably languid ardor. we need it. i can feel the meal; it's a part of me. a part of me is meat; another part is apart. language won't take you anywhere but here. herein lies the gauge of our languor. the terror of the

present, of the moment, of the duration of its reading, of its repetitive recombination, emerges from a reductionist and paranoid hindsight, a void, as a hindrance, of insight. we must avoid it. this is not to say that it isn't real. this is only to say some other stuff. the other is enough. the gates of our languor are prayed with change and layers. don't let the sun go down on your evening. i've mounted a vendetta against the tonalities of the rich.

the liberals deliberately liberate nothing. this is not to say that i am solvent within a libertarian discursion, discursively conservative, a servant of the votive and conserved. my excursion swerves through the emotive to a vote. emanation repeals and/or repeats the conservational act, a conversation between what is and what's next, the actual potential. if i contradict myself, it's only because my proverbs are a luggage. having fallen into the solvent of a verbal night, i choose to misremember a kind of singing, bringing the literary to a mezzanine of the given. don't call me on this. i've been up all night, and won't take responsibility for your hermeneutics. i call the letters my own, but let's own up to the farce of that: her hermeneutics are better than my intentions, and she's a letteral fiction, a literal fact. fact is: i can't read this for you. all i can do is write a kind of ingrown haven ordinance. language is bred to an overt poetry of alliance. i didn't have shit or soul to do with the problem. you got a problem with it; go somewhere else for your cherished answers. like the relish of your ancestors and their lies, your itinerant lives. i've been enough of a balcony to land mine a postmodern landslide, but the science of aquamarine still means attack and secure to me.

looms.

looms and looms. forceps,  
housel, the centigrade  
of the grapheme. the

security of rapture and  
chanteuse. bebop, one  
drop, sheep-dip, the

heart is an inverted  
meat. i would like  
to show you the groin

of likeness. bloated,  
sieved and seemed,  
she falls asleep, hidden

in the lottery orator.  
what the hell do  
you mean by

nominal? i've  
sifted through a  
a squall of loves, and

it still doesn't mean  
a mall of doubt to me.

what a lousy day. it began with the seven purple catsup theories, then deteriorated to gurgle and corrective sensorium, syrup of soybean, desiderata, a seconal almond rhythm. i've got rhythm, i've got sunshine, i've got time on my hands, but i ain't got you. take it to the bridge. i'm taking off my shirt. open up the door, man, i'll get it myself. i want to thank you, falettinme be mice elf, again. hedonic, a hundred hems against the bloodhounds, all of that, without a doubt. but i've been doing a suspect accumulation of accretions. i just wanted to confess that, here in the middle of the medias res, don't hold it against me, don't hold me to it. what a mulatto query, gulfed by lateral painkillers, pygmy and domestic. an irredentist love explodes your saraband. imperialist elation stifles your solstice writings. your colonial tire-iron poultice, your naughty cars, your headless poultry. the epicenter of poetry is an equation of squamous frogs. we lived in the swamps for so long that we developed an inherent expressivity. it adheres to our kittens, our wombats, our tonic acne. the calligraphy of the chronic joke (making a joke; telling it), bequeaths a soporific nastiness to realism, to the otters and the starlings, to the scars on our finished bodies.

the fields of the imagined are crude and national, praised by incompetent thunder, pleated with portents of impotent change. the stance of the implicit is eyed, but totters several wings, an addition to diction flailed by strife. i don't usually make this kind of unjustified assertion, but the wand has been fleeced by a laxity of relations. whatever happened to the magic, precisely whatever. after the warpaint, a just limbus searched the trial for weaknesses of the smith. i've always objected to litter when it is made to

fit in this way. but you believed me, a scrutinized text, a little rouge around the bullshit, so why should i convert the fogs into oceanic screams and signature? a cinematic expressivity loiters in the litter. if we explode the omniscience of precarious fact, if the unsaid is the abode of thunder, why should i wanton a transmuted howl, senseless and overtly fidelity? the costs of our therapeutic desires are combined with bursts of unreason, we sleep in less than the sorted sutures. the sonorous tune, the sequential itch of language, of the stimulated body, abides in borders of the real, a plural cowering behind the ampersand. sleep on it. the cave is a timidity of the self. i've been free of the shrinking terror, minimal stars notwithstanding.

i'm sure you carry a Glock, greenbacks arise in armored terror. if this stupidity is not enough, the broadest forecasts of kleptomania uphill from failure partake of a Rasputin sacrament, which is to say, our careless partials announce the shrunken i. i first heard this music in the desert of linked doubts. anchorites, for whom sweat is the beanstalk of slippage, climbed jackals to the verb, frilled grids resplendent with variance and rare beauty, the bountiful sways of somnolent bodies, always inherent in their verbal ripples. if you don't like the sound of it, turn it off. be here now and later. i miss the kneejerk mother of awakened twine. i miss the smattering, the nocturnal ambience of time. as often as coiled, i was slayed by a fuzzy pear, but hope is only a folded longing, what could that mean to an hour of sleep? when she woke up in the fictional affluence of affection, raised on the hyphens of sex, askew, who could marry the grief of a whim to midnight? what are you going to do? loneliness is ontic.

tainted with Ararat, ark cuckoo and big dipper, fangs linger in the cruel, brushed by a reading stands within it. take these livers from my hide, take these tattered flatbed windows, take these penis orisons, these Peking ducks. i've read enough wine to abhor the idioms of the cynosure. let's say we are staying at a hotel on the horizon, the fins are allied with a final tally, someone i'll call Tonic is sleeping with a symbol named Montane, what griefs of feeling shall we doubt concerning the winnow of humankind? it quit raining a hell of a long time ago. it's time we woke up to the dry absence of the mountain. i've been looking around for a few new wrongs: as a ratrace i think we've just about got it right. whatever you do, don't retrace your steps. and don't romanticize the ptomaine urgency of the steppes. just for a moment, if only just, if only for a moment, the radial is becoming. redial your radios.

sure enough. i object to the bleeding needs as an answer. even as a swerve. it serves you right to buffer the actual as a pathetic poetic perspective. we cringe in the age of deflected light, a page of nouns. to question the baroque is a kind of youthful knowledge, but it doesn't reclaim us from literacy or defeat. deliberate codes of erosion, the full foregrounded as a sleepy radar, what kind of reading neutralizes the erotic chimera? inimical chromatic neurosis, a somnambulant twitching, familiarizes us with the deafness of our nations. rational defeat is the apprise of our family.

thorax, Pleistocene

art forms a weave  
of dirt. only what  
is offered. the

naked poets, the  
Hispanic theories,  
the dimly-lit

furniture of the  
future. the poem  
has fallen on

multiple times.  
i'm partial to  
the sweetness

of the article:  
the trove, its  
rubble, a mantra.

even if the middle  
has fallen on charming  
harms, all that

matters is the blend.

it's too early to tell. ah, maya, the fins of maya, the waffle sheep and the sepia tones. don't tell me that you can see through this. she ferrets the accounts as if they were a hoarded sparse. an illusion of lack invents this

cycle of consumption and production. abundance, abound, unwound in dance; still, the wings of the simpletons butterfly a glided song. it ain't my fault, brother. i'm doing what i can to open the outskirts to an absence (call it alternative if you think it's for sale). and go fuck yourself. and thank you very much, as elvis might have said, ever since he became for sale. how do you consume the potential absence of a man? don't begin with anything: you can count that as the law of origins. reading between the lines is a linear recrimination. it's your call (writing is the relinquish). i've never received any verity in its votive reverberation, but i've eaten a couple of illegal plants, and i've read myself through sleep. the disciplines are an opening into attention. you can quit right there. call it your beginning. let's just call it off. attention is always and only into the nexus of the infinitely small apposed to the infinitely large. there's no room for the self down at the crossroads. i went down to the crossroads. i misplaced my failure in a ray of arrogance, but what do you want me to tell you? here's an invoice of the voices. swallow the erotic and fuck the connections. certainly fuck the corrections.

how do you figure? ratiocination is an unread chaos. the syllables abort the syntax, there's the mysterious relationship between the otic and the ontic. the paragram percolates through the hinge. as soon as mentation articulates a letter, the will fills it with symbolic destruction. what could be finer than to be in Carolina? wine, linguistics, Roloids, angina. every serif is a stack of nouns. criticism is the form of athwart and perchance. what are the chances that your antlers are covered in warts? the critic can calculate that. a structural formula is the program, the prestidigitation of the sentence is its melodrama. have a nice day, have a fucking excellent day. we mean everything we say. perusal is a specious drama. round up the usual readers. as a writer, you can trust them to bring your self into the text.

the consumer is the origin of reading. i've never even read what i've read. don't stop now, while a text is reading you your rights. ahh, you don't even think that you're under house arrest, under world arrest. the underworld is as dirty as it is tall. crawl through the caves of downtown, what do you think you'll find, graffiti, the ghost of jean-michel basquiat, henry darger, james castle, permission to quit work, to paint your walls and write your dreams? you might find robert rauschenberg: (I couldn't stand the surrealists saying that they only painted their dreams. Now, if they did that with their eyes closed, I might believe it. If they woke up the next morning and there was a new painting, well, okay. I'd buy that. But

they didn't. They woke up. They had breakfast. They had cigarettes. They had coffee. They had wives and girlfriends. And then they went to work, painting their dreams.) they woke up, they had their wives, they painted their dreams on stolen gesso, on sargasso seas and bedsheets. would you be willing to call your insurrection a heresy? of course not, the mysteries are unhinged. therefore, we doubt everything, even the mysteries. hans jonas said gnosticism is always of the particular. it's true; we are living in very specific problems, in a difficult problematic. as soon as the toner, as formless thanatos, catscans the drama critic, we can move from melodrama into the spaciousness of the text. the prison-house of language provides the avenue of escape, the delivery system for an idea of escape: no exit but in things. have you ever seen the visible world vanish? have you ever felt your own absence? i mean (as far as i and mean might go in the way of meaning) your absence as experiential presence. an epistemology of not knowing, do you know what i'm talking about? grammar might be a prison, syntax might be a warden, semantics might be an armed guard — but the letters are openings into the absent episteme. i'm not the first to say it. make it new. the urge of the text, the gate and the guess of anger, the thorn and the lariat, paint thinners, woven gold, the dreamed arable gizzards of my etiology, a body gleaned from nothing: the sign of abundance is nothingness.

a part of each piece is its ampersand. i've made this connection before. if this is the hinge of that, if Celan is only an echo of Cezanne, then the history of final suppers is only the etymology of a hex, a picture of Nixon and the afternoon of the swan. the faun is a knot of loneliness, but not only that. it's a spindrift crane of elusive allusions. praise the lord, we've got tenure, but not only that; we've got something to do. when i grow up, i want to be a critic. on the finite trail of hanging teachers, we are judged by tendons and watermelon. thy gates are gravy and haymaker clarity; thy lounges are lizards and prey. pray for us in the time of our greed. we nota bene what we do. not a bean, i screamed, as i stood on the platinum of their altars, i am that i am not even a bean, note well the rotations of my leanings. (i don't know about you, but i'm learning a little bit from this). i don't socialize for nothing. in these times, o Lawd, o baby, in these times of rising love, in these handkerchief horizons, i abound in my surround.

a journal of the needles

liberation is defeat.  
what if i say the



solution lies in

dissolution? at  
night, the pall of  
failure proffers

verbiage to our  
legs. no one  
chooses to sing.

literacy numbs  
our magical love,  
a magistrate grave,

nouns delineated by  
linguistic overtones,  
the poetry of the

succubus. i'm as  
lonely as the  
bandwidth of a

postmodern landslide,  
but i can't squint  
to the square, i

can't unravel at  
the utterance  
of my roost.

addendum to the force of an unreadable blouse: even the troglodyte grapheme is sincere. the chanted grapevine hip-hop, the yo and the whasup, startle to convene a mythology of the mediocre. i've been slowly going over the bloated likenesses of yo. they seem to ramify as astringent illocutions, as the perchance conjuncture of Barthes and rhythm; it's almost as if you've seen a letteral boat people in your dreams. the refugees of language: don't shun them at your shores. i, for example, am a kind of retrofuturistic slang. don't throw me in the wastebasket with your beercans and blood-stained love-letters. not that i'm any better than that, but i'm doing something else. she told me i was like a slow boat to infinity. i took my time when formulating an argument. she falls asleep; it happens

every night; i don't know what to do with it. i stay up late and paint myself into invisible corners. get a life, she said, just as i was landing in the metonymy of my dome. the gist of a smattering is its port. the machinations are always clean.

yodeling, no comparison to the image, but extrude and sederunt, sundered completely to arrange, the dance of the importunes is our ballast of stipulations. wing it, as they say, the additives of diction, mailbox and midwife, slaked by a plural justice, fire and ice. expression is only a piece of the handcrafted detoxify, the zippers likened to a laughter of scars, wheat broached against the rail. we don't have to eject the turbulent filters, but sitting at the center of the play, you have always relieved yourself of sex and literature. the rouge around your frogs is an oceanic ambience. get into it. as an introit, dreams lingering in the sarcoma, plots of shimmering expressivity, the precocious onus of the ear... the dead readings of love huddle in transplant, mittens and wanton transgression. i want a sensible overabundance, john lee hooker, evan parker, the calligraphy of john m. bennett. lambaste in comedic, in leaps and wrangles, desire is a toothbrush shirt, a natural soporific. i'm stimulated by the quiescence of the hinge, but i don't mull a liquid burial. reality is odder than love. sleep in the proclivities of the self. freedom is shrinking into its nominal stars.

by the hour, by the rose and by the lake, backing into the horror, and even then stupid enough to ward off the breakfast with tryptophane. hail mary and face mask, naproxen, the bundled mercurial sacred, the buttes of wyoming, the rarest of prizes is the scrambled i, i scramble it in the phonemes. shut-up and lurk. the sweat on your hips balks at the verbal real. the sentient conjunctions mythologize a self, svelte, staring at her own wind. ah, to swelter in the reel, starlet and overblown. your body is as bountiful as the mountainous acanthus. beauty silences the heresy of idealism, plato nascent in every verb. i woke up in the middle of the night, missing my conjunction, a smooth need of calcium too weak to cache my noctilucence, a cabal of innocences hourly in its offerings. i could have been a haze of perimeters. i could swell, like a drug of longing. ah, but that was long ago, earlier than sleep. keep on keeping only kept by such. she wore her affections like a fictional garment. sex is always layered with youths. a martial abuse, a fall from brutish truths. night is a kind of sonic woman, otic and obtuse.

you shouldn't have done that. stubble and chiropractic, the hanged man,

folded in the cushions of my bed, what did you want from this? take these bleeding aphids from my eyes. i should have read the uttered as a penal system. beside the headboard soared the papacy. the zones of a horizontal play are always instead of finality. did i tell you the story of Atonal and Reprimand? they were grieved through an insane humus doubt, androgyny and spin. you can look it up. they gave up nudity for a song of ontology and longing. fucking fools. there's no justice in the mingled radiance.

noodles, brother, arthroscopic noodles. the facts depend upon the perspective of the poems. if you don't know that, you don't know shit. i've been hanging around, looking at some stuff, busy and drunk and lucid, telling myself some lies. i've confessed to just about everything, but confessions are always encrypted. barbecue the nouns in your youth: you know it's the goddamned literal delight of demarcation. just do it. no fear. the foregrounded codes are puling an unread nectar. nevermind the chemical erosions, the nervous chimes of the call. only the church, as a bifurcated deafness, liberates the fiction from our mammaries.

depart. form is a leavened ventricle. mirth, worth, the fees of the coffin, the nakedly poetical thistle — what the fuck are we supposed to do with a dimstore future? goddamn the pusher. consumption of the poem is a thrall knot gulch. get it straight. (thrall. 1.a. One, such as a slave or serf, who is held in bondage. b. One who is intellectually or morally enslaved. 2. Servitude; bondage.) (knot 1.a. A compact intersection of interlaced material, such as cord, ribbon, or rope. b. A fastening made by tying together lengths of material, such as rope, in a prescribed way. 2. A decorative bow of ribbon, fabric, or braid. 3. A unifying bond, especially a marriage bond. 4. A tight cluster of persons or things: a knot of onlookers. 5. A feeling of tightness: a knot of fear in my stomach. 6. A complex problem. 7.a. A hard place or lump, especially on a tree, at a point from which a stem or branch grows. b. The round, often darker cross section of such a lump as it appears on a piece of cut lumber. Also called node. 8. A protuberant growth or swelling in a tissue: a knot in a gland. 9.a. A division on a log line used to measure the speed of a ship. b. Abbr. kn., kt. A unit of speed, one nautical mile per hour, approximately 1.85 kilometers (1.15 statute miles) per hour. c. A distance of one nautical mile. knot, knots. 1. To tie in or fasten with a knot or knots. 2. To snarl or entangle. 3. To cause to form a knot or knots. 1. To form a knot or knots. 2. To become snarled or entangled. [Middle English, from Old English cnotta.] USAGE NOTE: In nautical usage knot is a unit of speed, not of distance, and has a built-in meaning of "per hour." Therefore, a ship would strictly

be said to travel at ten knots (not ten knots per hour). Either of two migratory sandpipers (*Calidris canutus* or *C. tenuirostris*) that breed in Arctic regions. [Middle English, of Scandinavian origin.] (gulch. A small ravine, especially one cut by a torrent. [Perhaps from dialectal gulch, to gush, (of land) to sink in, from Middle English gulchen, to drink greedily, to spew.]) the best part of every suit is the trouble of its man. more or less charming, but fallen off to fat, tottering towards his blend.

she used to sweep-up around the airport, she used to unwind her Bibles in a tofu radiance, but all that's been weaned from the linear and the cellular: i'm sieved by the verity of its reverse. i misplaced my misdeeds on the railroad of her arrogance. it's never been the same. sometimes you just give up and go home, what the hell is there left to tell. the vocables hollow, the erotic sclerotic...

chiasmus, reading the syntactical mallards, we fly away on the exhortations of a potable dysentery. i never meant to be here, constellated and excess. sooner or later we mean whatever the thing before us portends. will syntax destroy the ampersands of the will? i doubt it. syntax is made of clinamen, foramen, hiccups and parcheesi. even the progressive party is as sentimental as a drama of mathematics. round up the usual suspects. have them read your melatonin.

and as or if and or as if: this is the cerebation of the hadal narrative. supper in the history of coffins, fixed games, eternal swoons and fiction... what the hell do you mean by that? finally, rain is not a song, the ten thousand things are lying in the yard. ingrates, wayfarers, glaciated rarities, galactic prayer rising over yankee stadium... what do you want the rich men to disown?

rations of dirt. the solvent disgruntled, nighttime in the switching yard, proverbs and barbiturates and tattered garfish, carpocrates sunning in his sling. it numbs me, this literary mumbling, this mesozoic gaze. have i blown the optimum deliverance of rarity? i don't think so. but the overbearing language of a calculated poetry, the lonely balloons, the dish-witch and the sandpiper: posthumous solitude is a modern theory. the square-root of science is a transhumant rust.

probability is the ability to said. having said, the tropes of the shapely grapes, the barbershop quartets, creep artfully into the inventions of meaning. i am slowly growing kinetic boots. you've been here before. she

flies in the face of a pederast, weeping snide cilantro. i can't hold myself against the borders of the plot. wherefore or how come, gnomie metropolis? her probable skirts, her time machine, a gift of the sprawl and gout.

able in babylon. if cain is the law, the law of the orgasm is a hurricane, therefore the relish of a quiescent parenthesis is the legalization of parataxis. every string of letters eventuates a myth. plant your arms in the nacre, the nectar is right there in front of you. qualia and tryptophan, turkey and christian holidays, connectives against the infinite nexus, stations of the cross...

from four until late, i went out, wanting to be, from four until late, the crossroads telling me. a certain kind of luck corrects the certainty of the narrative, but it isn't connected to any story, it's corroded by syntax and theory, by catacombs and wheat bread, by the critical schism of nouns, the beloved arts of sequential thought. don't imagine that you've gotten this right. it isn't right. it's a site that imagines you reading. thinking is your own responsibility. never, never, never get out of these blues alive. quit thinking. that must be the end of these sorties.

maybe not. i'm here, you're here, this is how a beckett character carries on. i must go on, the music of the groin, when the music's over, turn out the lights. rimbaud didn't sing that. you keep on wondering yourself into the gift, but you don't believe a word. if this is the hinge, then loneliness is the etymon (but loneliness is not the etymon, so this must not be the hinge). bring me your tired, your poor, your cherished assumptions. this is the land of the free, i've seen the stature of liberty plain, naked on the planes, planar and nude, towering above the great plains. it all comes back. spirals incestuously spiral. perusal is a way of recovering yourself out of this. plural is another way, but you'll have to get there through perusal. no oratory or bacon fat theology peril, no lounge grunge lizard estrogen, no titillations swollen with titmouse tondos, no lime catalyst for itinerant exertion mushrooms...

elvis as such. in the light of habitual pelvis, the doubtful essence of the man. until the time of the minotaur, verily verily a motive and lack of sleep, cave-swelling kitchen middens reconstituted through the disciplines of verse, kaleidoscope of anthropic letters, or the letteral forms of molecular primacy, deft delineations of antelope, implicate voices of sheep and aurochs, infinitesimal garage-band theurgy, the placid lakes of my

father wallowing in each vocable. in a sentimental mood, as if enacted by cecil taylor. the figure of the hatchet is a rational nation. thomas jefferson, jefferson airplane, volunteers towards a relationship, but the weak outline of an unborn articulation, metathesis among more than the letters, the strong attractors, weak spin and high-modern quark, chance is a kind of wine, and wine is the invisible blotter of linguistics. having sex with your slaves is a good idea in the land of perpetual metaphor. it's a bad idea in the land of the free. the home of the brave is a structural formula for the cinema of daylight, but its conic sections, its yohimbe, its delusional echinacea in the feedback loop, all of this is just another supernal reading of the church. piece by piece, parsed amplifiers, neil young openly an echo of stockhausen and erik satie, of mondrian read through pollock towards eva hesse, the afternoon of the arcane dominatrix, matrix and effusive illusion. the bent grid implodes. a gestural abstraction evolves from painterly dance. think of barnett newman, of rothko, of sol lewitt. when kosuth nailed his chair to the wall, when kounellis staged an installation of horses, the performative object became the only thing to do. of course, this is a simplification of enigma and aggregate. several approaches at once, a textual performance, a letteral installation, the shapes of the serifs, well, you get the picture. enough said. let me show you what i'm talking about. what is the color of a melody underwater? it's a black array of forms, a timeline of platitudes on the altar of theory. knowledge is a serial negation. doubt is a buffer, guardian of the lips. not to be too millennial about this text, but we are getting close to the end. an apocalypse has been internalized.

tournament of nettles

cellophane, my father's eyes, terraplane blues. sour rosewater, piece of cake. lacking these rotations, we stoop to a sword of slough.

breakdance and trampoline, molotov and faceless, our proxy neanderthal cures, the read and the cassock of terrible spline. ziplocked in the scrambled egg, rambling telephones, a shuttered murk of sweetness on your lips.

i should have redlined the ballerinas. no sense in conjugal unction, but the selfless width of your thighs, velvet stars attacked by spindrift, her windblown asthma, the felt starstruck of her belts. your letters are a bluster verboten, her abode of boundaries, the beautiful ash of the icarus mountains.

i've never been in love like this, a beandip so hispanic it curdles my restive defection. the platonic scent of the verbs chokes me, like a fiddle in afghanistan, a caucasus of sisterly myths.

a movement towards bleeding lithium. dirty chords. to speak of the ache is a lucent nescience. the reek, the reek of his wake, nascent, lucid, even a dour kabbalah makes sense in the hour of his feral rings.

i shouldn't have, but i gleaned a razor from the metric peritext. periwinkles winking at me from the kindled perimeters of the text. i almost said parameters, but lacked the math to give such useless utterance resonant meaning. the parameters of the self swell like a dung of language.

afterimage, tribal warthog, the leery beer of lecithin. syntax puts us all to sleep. this is a wake-up call. sleep in the beehive of a petty sulcus. she bore our neurotransmitters through a travail of synapses. the axons are connected to the dendrites. you can create a new age religion out of this realization. as obvious as a hat.

the personal is connected to the planetary, which is connected to the political, which is connected to the kneebone, which is connected at least in song to the thighbone. you've probably guessed where i'm going with this. sex is always belabored myth.

my rolodex or your truths? a list of partial uses will not save us from the mall. the truth is a mighty wish. embryonic, mantic, aspic and a ruse.

that was at least a shoulder to cry on. scribble, chiromancy, praxis, the mangled hammers, a bold recursive myth befuddles our palindrome. take this dildo from my haunted battery. take the who, live at leeds, pills and phials and slimy thighs. i should have gone to bed with my perinatal utterance. systemic bedrooms aboard the headless boars, flak jackets and pap smears, the by-gones of a horizontal day. sometimes i get sentimental among the syllables. forgive me: i have no idea what you do. the banality of the bedroom is always plaid. have i told you the story of Tonsil and Contraband? they were thoroughly reverb in the hotel ibogaine. rogations and speculative gynecology; they had a book on every aspect of it. they were the naked duty of song, longing for love and semiotics. they belonged to the tools of luck, tiananmen square, icestorms, legs muddled by a dalliant radar...

nothing but dust, nothing but death. why bother with it? anthropological doodles. fact is a penchant for perspectival poetry. traction, knobs, yasir arafat, shuffleboard and donuts. the carpocratic perversity is a christmas tree. i've been hangnail roustabout, i've been bookworm and stuffed-shirt. i've slept in the alleys after scrounging warm red port. bus ride to Damascus, the lurid circadian cithara, storytelling as the iris of the self. i don't see it, but you might be right. i've got a confession to muster: everything is a festival of doubt. the crypt sways, the barbed queues renown your youthfulness. what you don't know is a luminous god. the letters are light and love, but you'd better not say so. you'll discredit yourself in the straight world. i got no credit in the straight world. the countenance of love is a hole in the young marble giants. all of my remarks are an incantation of demented diction, action. don't do it for the ears. the sounds of the forgotten codes, the repellent reading, the necklace and the tarmac. mind is a fever. the mica chords our marvelous derision. chimera, bald atonal hunches, cat fur and beefsteak, defeat the immanence. nothing but dust, nothing but death. liberation is the fictional form of our namesake.

the race for number

part of the problem is the form. even a trickle of venom is worth some thirst. but to tease the fins, the follicles, the kerosene of the poetical missive, this is declamation of luck totally without multi-dimensional failure. the laminations of the cushions, presumptively love, gnarl the knotted lubricants of a poem. smaller than the one, such is the lavatory of a spoof. this is the kind of thing you get. the whole is feldspar in dotage. one is intellectual, the other is moral, both are enslaved by the vicissitudes of subservience. a subaltern adage, but not a compaction of interspersed or lateral. materiality as such is cordial or boniface. each pope lasts as long as his maternal lies. gather the strengths of terror to the matriarch, no hope as such, pentecostal and display. a decorative escrow is hidden in the fiction. the fictions of invention, which are fiction, and the fictions of selection, which are news, which is opinion control. the fictions of intervention, which are selective, are too slippery to define in such a sequestered space as the improvised paragraph. i have nothing else to give you. raiders of the unified road, road read as warriors, the specious location of our carriage is a pond. as deep as sleep are the surfaces of indifference. the confrontational surface is another question, although incapable by definition of being so entirely. if the night is mustered by a



parson who sings the negative way, i went down to the via negativa, i had a shotgun in my hand, then the book of onomatopoeia, fleeing a tidy mess of lights, might circumnavigate its topology, globalized by the sight of its locus, its letteral ornithology and phonemic diaspora. never underestimate the sleight of the site, the slight. it opens to the absence of presence, which cannot be presented as a statement. be here now. her. heretical. trickle and heresy. it tickles me to tell you such a long tall tale of telling. trickle down theory of cosmic economics, as unavoidable as it is preposterous. the absurd is always incongruous: so is the divine. but you didn't hear it here. i have it as a kind of spiritual journalist, from sources who wish to remain anonymous. i'll include myself in their camp. if there is such a thing as their camp, if there is such an isle as my i'll. along the aisles of the myriad self, walking the talk...walking the dog is an example of this, just as using the telephone book is its emanation. you discredit yourself completely if you contend that walking the dog has meaning (cf. carpocrates, on waking the dog; mckenna, on talking the walk, talking about taking the walk; fast for six hours, lie down in silent darkness, beware the frumious bandersnatch; henry munn, said). the ear is the mythical reflex of the stomach. eat the parabola, the boolean paradigm. maria sabatina, anne waldman, between a hard place and a spy on a stump: appearance is spliced with catguts and thunder. spiced. it makes you wanna stop and wonder: watch out; you'll wind up in a pop song. free to a point to hear my own lack, the form of the dream is a ranch of growls. the abode of the culled is a wrestling match, televised, like the revolution of pronouns and tumors. the well-being of wrath is not at issue. even the glands are a provision of nots, lag-time and useless treasure. what is there to stop us from going on, other than the greed of our aberrant shipwrecks? not a knot. not much of a unit or need of love. not much of anything. knotted nots: abandon all hope, ye who enter here. we can't say a word without making a mockery of ourselves. i offer my humble arrogance as the absolute abject example. your naughty smiles, her flowering proximity, numerical kila monsters, komodo dragons, metrical salute and statue. what do you have to say for yourself? allowing such smegma to infect your hermeneutics? come forth, the fourth way, through kundalini and houdini, into the orgasm of a distant none. having a little fun with the nuns may be the carpocratian way, extracting the pneuma from the underwear of the archons, but the timeline of the harmamine is as feisty as it is gnostic, the garlands are entoptic or entrained, primeval platonic gap or cultural semiotics, causal and formal and the not of knots. we constellate at this absence of acquiescence and acquired experience, quiescence and senescence, the experiential a choir

of sentient qualia. the form is not in the knots (cf; abulafia, the eidolons, their etymologies). eidos: cf. mike basinski; the form of the letter is the final boundary of sound. final or primal, the final confusion concerning origins, the original collusion of origins and their ends. terra cotta snarled in the middle of an english olfaction, theoretical usage and the plot of unity, greed of the sausage, expanse of the halibut: meaning is a perusal of wayfarers at the quilted inn. therefore the wound of the diphthong. sickness, said. being, said. travail and tension and attention, said. grouper, nottingham, ether and love, the migrations of toothsome pipers, their handstands and their caduceus. castration is a tenuous censure, raceme and stricken hatband. our president speaks this style of sophistry, syncretic or soapsuds legality. mincing the piths towards gists of mince. pray for us now and in the hour of our greed. let there be power in my hip pocket. though i walk through the valley of the beltway, i shall afford no fear. as the taxpayers are my benighted lights, hollowed be their names. fifteen seconds of fame is more than any spark can afford. quark, antimatter, the vestibule of sleep disconnects a consciousness from its object. consciousness thereafter interacts if at all with consciousness itself. it terminates at crisis or need or at arcs of reason. at the middle of the end, in splash, on spin, at the splash of the vertical or the spin of the horizontal, at profundity or at layered surface, the scansion of the nave is avoidance and avian. the smallest raptors of the vine are pectoral circuses of luck. their ornithology is tormented by the wrappings of the form. apart from the problem of form is the form of the problem. i think you're beginning to get a glimpse of it. excess is the name of its holy exit. dialectics crush us to a blush of stand-point. the self is a fiddle, its church and english garden. one by one, we drink the sprawl of a bracketed blood.

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rattle the swords. if you begin  
your numerical system with  
your thumbs, you arrive,

one hand at a time, at base  
twelve. egyptians, visigoths,  
recent poetical experiments,

everything numbs itself by  
the fire of this magical  
trove. dodeca, linear

bitch-magic, semiotic intrusions  
into semantics and the soma,  
everything totalizes its

loneliness at the surrealism  
of an ictus. forms of the union  
are dead, long dead, the

ballroom tourist gunner is  
dead, papa as a nazi is  
rehabilitated in miami or

brazil, or else he's excommunicated  
from the church of capital and on  
trial, henry is deader than the

doornails of his boredom. i confess:  
i'm as sandwich as i am loan shark.  
i came squinting into the perididdle

of the postmodern world, squared to  
the root of an i, but i can't tell  
myself enough lies

to believe in my self as an even or  
eventual such. i marvel at the  
cybernetic at. @ self, @ home,

@play, the unutterable ruse of my  
truths, their mythic dance, @ love,  
@trance, @chance —chance.org

& chance.com. who are we trying  
to fool, to trump the dodeca with  
a binary at: site of the once-split self.

every morpheme is sincere. an astrology of trilateral medicine, illogically  
unseen, the literal is, an exemplary i is a cancer and a ludic bloom. she  
told me i could sleep in the happiness of her virus. by now you should  
recognize the contours of our engagement. when the coroners are

invisible, the tattered residual is proffered as complexion and depletion. just tell me the truth, that's all either of us ever asked, but as a simple request it was at best directionally over the edge. suddenly diction apace or the enlisted love or rain. terrain of the ambiguous connective, tissue, john elway, and middle relievers, at least as intelligent as the tomahawk and its toenails. the onion is an inborn theory. Orion, Artemis and Betelgeuse, celestial virgin variable, i want a sentence given to the corrective ambience, not dilated by the quotidian, neither thematic nor proclamation.

love is unreadable arroyo and whalebone. perpetrated by neap tide kindness, arrhythmic and overseas, language foresees a decree of boneset, miosis and mitosis, a warp thread trowel tinguley in time. it's the act that counts, adds itself up and therefore amounts. warm beer sucks. either the letter or the thorazine, array of the mimetically windblown, foray icarus windblown to stray of singing. daedalus, like the deeds of calculus, dedicated to calculations and less, less than the calculated. your meteoric rise to nothingness, your suborn and the image of its impress. sunghosts balanced on collateral jury, lured to the reddened graph, mime and meme, phenomenon and phoneme, the sum of ghosts, biker speed on acid with the sons of hawaii, riding circles around our several selves, a semblance of san francisco as polis and emanation, eating the sung host with the sun ghosts. light is not an exit of darkness, it is an accomplice. need opened to slough or bliss, at the site of your buttocks situated on a fictional ground, bloodclots, hemp, and henbane, the weathervane of a transparent variance. carpe thorax, live for the speakerphones of the day. charlie parker is the truth and eyewash of a silence. a quiddity, a rural burrito, even the minimal quit is an opening.

the poem enforces a theory of elope in sleep. the ping-pong of this broken ladder, joan miro or coltrane, have you ever listened to the allman brothers live in '72, the riverside monk, sex pistols, cecil taylor in germany, mekons, pogues or howlin' wolf? kounellis and his horses are the answer to patti smith and hers. when eva hesse hung the untitled ropes as an answer to the absence of meaning, as the impossible presence of an excess of meaning, the author disarmed his fangs, a rictus of the present characters. docile apartment, deportment, a behavior is a space. the haven of style is a face, lake placid, someplace you would rather not call home. love calls us to the cringes of our sleeve. ethiopian radiation, nevermind the ballast, the last grass grown in the ballpark, fenway and candlestick, jerry rice sickened by El Niño, aroma of tetrahydrocannabinol

wafting across the bay. i doubt that i'm anywhere, infinitely mythic, and a book, however, whatever we compose as our Areopagite will genre our clearance to a composure of nocent partitions. the present is trivial. sensational and banal, the importance of a well-tuned life, a synthesizer or just intonation, the ionesco mellotron, avuncular lakeside hedonism, the slippers of a likeable turbulence, a legend of a mind. the comte de lautreamont is dead: so is the hotel lautreamont. theory is the poetry is a sardonic coma. always followed by a comma (but not here). this must be the new world. x marks the spot. make it new, or nude, make it newt gingrich leaving in a southern huff. emanation quintessentially will not give a fuck. the rouge around your urethra reeks of piss to me. a seminal discernment. silence in the huddle as a fictive love. the team is the leg of a hooker. fuck you, fuck me, fuck ourselves. desire huddles in the ampersand, but the connections are milled dogshit and wrinkled entelechy.

credulous, enchanted, as mediocre as i've been, excursions into executions, floating among the poppies of a cultural construction, dry ice and amicable wineglass, precautionary, strained through the words of love, sawhorse and sloe gin, dark purple fruit, tart and plum, razor-tipped wire and automatic gunfire, even the pensive nightmares are a given, even the illegal shape-shifters, cocaine, machine guns, the arrogant fixtures of a prearranged failure, jailhouse blues, riot in cellblock number nine, boneblack halcyon and gurdjieff turd, motherfucker nigger bitch, gangsta b, going down rodeo with a shotgun, ain't seen a brown-skinned man since your grandfather bought one, the sexual inseams of detroit like lint in the inner ear, following the van until you get cop fire in the face, the dead are as insensible as the overabundance of a nomadic medicine, a paramedic sleep in the nubile science of silence, sophia and critical theory, the new age deconstructed by its irrelevant intellectuals, continuities of the corrupted selves

corral of needless lemmings

coral, but demarcation, feats  
of deaf fusion and defiant  
salience.

the forlorn relies on retention.  
falling love, heat-lamps,  
failure of fur and profits.

free verse, barnacle to our  
sones, a singular,

toasted singing.

\*

as if a journey, as if  
hibernating in the  
liberal heat,

soluble disk  
frightened  
by luxury —

the vegetables  
are bigger than  
the beggars.

the nose  
is a rose,  
a choice of hoops.

never said, however sincerely. i begin with anything. i am a criminal. i am the studied yang. never said. i am the verbal reverb. i am a thing, its ration of rationality. i am the nation of but if. however sincerely. i never said intention is a play of inherent doom. you can read whatever you need. play is either arrogant, erotic, or lucky. i have nothing to say about the laws of probability. choice trumps the unread laziness of chance. this positions me i suppose in a previous century. the optical and the ontological are connected. the will is connected with the lips. the vowels are connected with their sounds. the consonants are connected with their vowels. we've come full circle. i never said anything. he wills it with a systematic play of enigma (i've heard this criticism). the chances are sure, attached. his aura is a theoretical program, as programmatic as it is aural. ahh, the flora, the laurel, the wreaths of an excellent day... the reader always has the last word. it's enough to make you give up in the middle of the morning, even in the middle of the mourning, a letteral acquiescence against the mandates of grief. i'm sorry to see it end this way. it saddens me as such. when we crawled out of the water onto the sand, a few

hundred sentences ago, near the center of the narrative, who would have thought we would end as the history of a wind, as the spawn of a fictional swan, as the felonious praise of a wordless love? not me, baby. i was running against the wind. i don't want to be an open cliché, grateful to the gradations of your thighs. i don't wanna go to chelsea. i want to be anarchy. but, as a writer, our greeds are a fever of guaranteed nous. i speak in the explicitly plural so as not to exclude my self. i am nothing, pennies, nothing that i am. god said something like this about six millennia ago. he was young and verbally muscular in those days. he could say whatever he wanted to say, without the risk of talmudic interpretation. but the times have changed, we say with a tinge of condescension towards both time and change. i'm learning a kind of brittle sense. it's like a new language rising out of the chimes.

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